NEW YORK GOSSIP

Left-at-Home Husbands and Their Ways.

BUTHISTURN COMES, TOO

MR. SCHWAB HAS THE MONEY, BUT NO HEALTH.

Gothamites Have Peculiar Notions About the Dog-Muzzling Law.

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

NEW YORK, August 7, 1903. There is generally a method in the madness of the typical New Yorker. For instance, New York husbands, almost as a unit, have taken during the last two years to sending their wives and families out of town, to the multitudinous resorts, for the summer, and remaining at home themselves. Never before has New York been the abode of so many voluntary grass widowers as it has been during the present summer. The town is cluttered with 'em. They're everywhere-on the roof gardens, at the nearby beaches and race tracks, swinging along the circuitous paths of Coney's Isle, swamping the city and park restaurants, overflowing the lounging rooms and verandas of the road houses, even patroling the great white lane called Broadway. The voluntary grass widower of New York is so easily distinguished, too, despite his elaborate efforts to make himself appear like one of the great unfettered and untrammeled! If you pos-sess so much as one-half an eye, you can see that his newly resumed jauntiness, as of the mad, glad, sad, bad bachelor, is the of the mad, glad, sad, bad bachelor, is the veriest clumsy bluff, that his rogueishness of manner is just a "phony" of the real thing, that his occasionally unnatural hilarity is a thing put on out of a spirit of recklessness born of the knowledge that it can only last a little while longer, and that the vein had better be worked to the end of the tension before—well, before "the folks" come home. The illustrations in the funny papers of the summer widower vainly batting around endeavoring to make himself imagine he is having a hot time in the absence of his wife have a good deal more truth in them than most of the alleged comic pictures of the day possess. The manner of the voluntary grass widower has in it a sort of rabid protestation that he is having the time of his life, and the end is that he protests too much and enables you to see through him too easily.

Make Good Husbands.

If there is any one thing particularly to the credit of the typical New York man that can be said it is that he is nearly always a first-rate husband, despite a very general and a very erroneous impression to the contrary. The New York man takes the contrary. The New York man takes his wife to about every place that he himself goes to—to many places, indeed, that he 'hadn't oughter" take her. He is perpetually telegraphing to his wife to meet him down town and take dinner with him after office hours, and then the theater to follow. He is "giving her a good time" all the time. He sends her candy and violets with the same liberality with which he with the same liberality with which he bestowed these things upon her during the days of courtship. If he permits himself to lapse into infrequent indiscretions hε never allows himself to lose sight of the living fact that his wife is always and invariably No. 1. It is the simple fact, and in simple justice it must be re the average New Yorker spends more of his time "blowing off" his wife than, perhaps, the average husband in any other American city, and he rarely permits the "domestic game to flatten out" or his wife to feel that she has degenerated into the unenviable situation of the household

drudge. Where, then, is the method in the madness of the typical New Yorker who adroit-ly contrives to send his wife out of town for the summer, while he himself remains behind and "simmers and stews" in the great blistering city? Well, in the first place, it gives him the chance to gain that "liberty" for which all married men, no matter how fond they may be of their wives, occasionally pine, and even knowing as most of them do, that when they do get that "liberty" it will be a lonesome and grisly thing, not worth the having. After the long autumn and winter and spring ir close and constant contact, the fellow begins to experience the hanker for anothe: whizz of that "liberty," the chance to try it just once again, even if he has the feel-ing deep down in his bosom that it wil again prove to be no go, as it has always proved before. And at the very outset when he is sending his wife away, he knows that when the separation for the summer is all over and she returns he will be a whole lot happier man and extract a more acut-enjoyment of his domestic life than would be possible were he to remain with his wife all during the warm weather.

Poses as a Martyr.

Then, again, it enables him to pose most heroically in his wife's view-and most married men enjoy doing that tremendously! His wife's letters are filled with sympathy for the "dear, good unselfish old thing" who, on account of business, remains cooped up in the "hot old city," and when the voluntary grass widower reads these things he has a chance to swell up and pat himself on the midriff and declare unto himself, "Well, I guess I am a pretty decent sort of a proposition, at that, and, b'jee, it takes an appreciative woman like my wife to give the credit that's coming to a square man." He is thus enabled to develop quite a cute and cunnin' feeling of martyrdom, and can sit at the rustic table in the park and sip his highball and get himself into a delightful glow of self-appreclation. He knows, too, the foxy one, that when the summer is over, and his wife has returned, and the inevitable little domestic scraps take place, he will only have to bestow a reproachful, wounded-antelope, you-wrong-me-Pearline expression upon her -and then his wife will immediately col-lapse and capitulate-"Didn't the good old thing let me spend a glorious summer down at the beach last summer while he himself slaved like a dog in the city?" And we guess maybe the average married man, wherever he may abide, doesn't keenly en-joy working a little edge like th's on his wife! He knows that it is bound to serve as a sort of dam to any little reproaches which might otherwise be coming to him on account of occasional bad nights at poker, or losings-out at the racetrack, or even few-and-far-between lapses into rummeriferousness. He's always got it as a sort of domestic hold-out, and what rattling convenient things domestic hold-outs are on one side or on the other!

Finally, the man who unselfishly permits the wife and family to spend the summer out of town can always get away himself, later on, when he feels "trippy." If, along in December or January or February, the hectic flush mounts to his cheeks and the desire suffuses his system to "jump the reservation and make a little war medic'ne."
It is the easiest thing in life for him to put on a tired, worn-out look for a couple of days, and to hint around that his nerves days, and to hint around that his nerves seem to be getting away from him. and then it is up to the wife, who has had the fine summer of it to come right out and suggest that he'd better take a couple of weeks' shooting down on the Chesapeake, or ride down the coast to Florida on the boat, or joggle down to take a look at what they're doing in Washington. When, in her grateful ardor, she absolutely insists upon it-well, he consents. At the end of about a week, he usually returns home from his trip, pallid and "all in," the whirl all over, and then he has the opportunity to exude the southerly zephyr that he has sed her so acutely that he couldn't posstble remain away any longer, and she be

lieves it—maybe.

In the meantime, what do the wives themselves think of this thing of being sent away to the resorts for the summer. Do they dislike it? Well, there seems to be no reason why they should have to go if they did. Do they like it? This, however, is a futile manner of conjecture. The sent-away wives are not making known their ideas on the subject to the newspa-pers nor, indeed, to the newspaper correspondents. It is observable that many of them are quite enthusiastic when their husbands occasionally "run down" to see

that many are equally enthusiastic when their husbands are departing for the city on Monday. But the woman is the Sphinx,

Points on Schwab.

Yes, young Mr. Schwab was a trifle pet ulant, all right, toward certain of the newspaper men, on the day when it was announced that he had retired from the presidency of the big steel outfit. But, as a plain matter of unvarnished fact, why shouldn't he have been just a trifle petu-lant? Why, in fact, shouldn't he have felt

sharply impelled to give a number of them real smarting slaps on the wrist?

No man that ever came rapidly to the front in this country has ever been so clouted about by the saffron sheets of New York as this same young Mr. Schwab. Schwab is a strong, sturdy, clean-limbed and clean-minued young man who, by working like a galley slave from his twelfth year, and with the aid of a very remarkable head full of brains, reached vast wealth and a very great plane in life at the age of thirty-five. When his health went age of thirty-five. When his health went back on him, the yellows of this town began to put a standing "Why?" in big letters at the head of their accounts of Mr. Schwab's condition.

When he went to Europe for a rest they put cheap penciling sleuths on his trail, and these underbred scribling Lecocys and these underbred scribling Lecocqs cablde a thousand imbecile yarns to this country as to the alleged doings of Mr. Schwab all over Europe, picturing him as

mad man and worse.
One of them swore in one of his cabled fairy tales that the steel trust president had dropped \$500,000 at the Monte Carlo roulette tables one evening-Mr. Schwab never wagered one-eighth of one soumarkee on the Monte Carlo games. Another of the harples pictured Mr. Schwab as dressing a chauffeur in the skull and crossbones to represent Death, and then running an automobile race with the rigged-up Death over the south of Europe—a hop story of the purest ray serene. They represented him as saying that the canals of Venice would never afford any fun until they were cleaved by turbine gondolas ca-pable of reeling off thirty-five knots an hour. In essence, they endeavored, with an amount of enthusiasm worthy a better cause, to make an ass before the American and European public of as normal, healthyminded and square American citizen as ever spent his whole time in behaving himself like a gentleman and attending exclusively to his own business.

Why, then, shouldn't Mr. Schwab have been "a trifle petulant" on that final day of his presidency of the steel trust in his manner of addressing an outfit comprised largely of fellows whom he knew and recognized as the conscienceless louts who had labored to portray him as a combination of fool and blackguard for half a decade?

No Muzzles Yet. It may be recalled that the fact was men ioned in this correspondence a couple of

months ago that New York's dog-muzzling

aw was about to go into effect. Well, the day came around for it to go into effect-but it hasn't. They've tried to put it into effect-tried strenuously and desperately. The only result up to date is that about 60 per cent of the dog catchers are at the present moment propped up in hospitals for repairs, dozens of too-pre cops have been pounded almost to deathand you can walk five miles through the streets of New York any afternoon and not see one dog out of a thousand with a muzzle strapped over his features. All of which is pleasing enough unto those who predicted that these would be the identical results following the attempt to put a dog-muzzling law into effect in New York, where there are \$00,000 owners of dogs, and all of them ready to fight to the last gasp for their dogs. They're willing to pay any old dog license fee and to submit to all sorts of badgering from the authorities as to the rights of their dogs-but that the Jog own ers of New York would ever submit to any such scandalous, not to say shameless, imposition as a dog-muzzling law, sprung on them, particularly in the middle of the fly and flea season, was never for a momen believed by any reflective person in this

The dog owners over this way simply set their teeth together and squared their jaws, and said, so to speak, "Naw-we ain" a-goin' t' put no muzzles on our mutts-

And that they haven't. Four dog catchers attached to a pound wagon, who tried to pick up a duly licensed dog down on Delancy street last week were besten into pulp by forty men before they had a chance to know what was coming off. The dog was a collie and a favorite along the block and around the neighborhood, and the word had been passed up and down the block that if any dog-catching outfit tried to swipe "Jim," the collie, then all hands along the row were to get to the front and take a whack at any head wearing a uniform

hat. And it happened just that way.

A strapping matron was walking along Central Park west, leading a properly tag-ged French poodle that yet had no muzzle on. A dog catcher's wagon came along and from the rear of it hopped three men. They swooped upon the poodle and essayed to drag the dog from the woman's strap hold. She promptly transferred the strap holding the dog to her teeth, reached back and grabbed two huge hatpins out of her picture hat, and began to stab dog catchers in one, two, three order as they came along. She poked them full of hatpin holes before they decided that they hadn't lost any unmuzzled French poodle that they needed in their business, and skedad-

dled, feeling of themselves.

And thus it has been all over New York. They haven't held any mass meetings over here to protest against the dog-muzzling ordinance, as they did in Washington, a law-abiding town, at the time the outrage was in force in Washington. They simply made up their minds, unanimously and spontaneously and as one individual, that they were not going to muzzle their dogs, and they have got away with it. The law is now virtually a dead letter-the dog catchers are too much battered up to at-tempt to resume the enforcement of it, and the cops just won't try to enforce it-they're on the side of the dogs.

St. Louis Fair is to Have a Good Showing.

A DOG AND HIS TAGS

COMIC AND TRAGIC STRANGELY BLENDED.

If First Owners Can Prove Claim Articles Can Be Secured Again.

Written for The Evening Star.

One of the most curious exhibits of the government to be sent to the St. Louis fair is that of the dead letter office. The museum in connection with this institution. located in the big post office building or Pennsylvania avenue, will be well represented, and it is not improbable that some of the unwitting donors to the extraordinary collection may be among the visitors to the exposition and may find their contributions in the dead letter office exhibit; in the latter event, the claims, if well supported, will be at once recognized by the officials of the department. It is strange that no such claim has yet been made to some of the articles, many quite valuable, on the shelves of the museum. The objects which have been sent through

the mails, destined to be seized by Uncle Sam's postal authorities, and to find a resting place on the shelves of the dead letter office museum, are of the most varied and striking description. The grotesque, the beautiful, the tragic, the comic, the in-fernal machine and dynamite bomb of the anarchist, and the most inane achievements of the practical joker, are all jumbled to gether, as it were. One of the most start-ling things received by the post office was a perforated tin can containing three rat-tlesnakes, very much alive and in fighting trim. Upon their receipt, the superintend-ent sent to the Smithsonian Institution not far distant, for some one accustomed to handling such reptiles to come and chloroform them. The operation was per-formed successfully, as was thought, and he dead snakes left in the open can under the superintendent's desk. A couple of days later, a lady happened to be standing near talking to the superintendent. When she heard a peculiar sound which she un



"Bob," Late canine post office inspector.

consciously associated with danger. She the sound proceeded and started in terror as she saw a rattlesnake coiled ready to spring. A carrier who chanced to be just entering the room took in the situation at a glance, and with considerable presence of mind, threw his full mail pouch upon the snake, and trampled upon it until some one appeared with a poker and killed the were put into alcohol, and are now to be seen upon the she wes of the museum until they shall be sent temporarily to the ex-

hibit at St. Louis.

A s'uffed dog, covered with post office tags, is a remarkable feature. This ani-mal, when alive, was known at every post office in the United States, being sen one to another on the mail cars, and duly tagged at each. Eight years did Bob thus act as canine post office inspector, and, indeed, he made a very efficient one, being an excellent ratter. When he died he was mourned by postal employes throughout the country, and it was deem-ed only fitting that his memory should be perpetuated to posterity. So here he is, wearing his honors thick upon him, and with that singularly alert and wide-awake expression for which he was famous in

A sledge drawn by dogs and driven by an Indian attired in thick turs shows how the mails are still carried in certain sec tions of the extreme northwest. The clerks who open the packages in the office do so with the utmost care, as frequently bombs and infernal machines are sent through the mails, as is testified by several of these

THE PROFESSOR'S CHILDREN SELECTED THE READING MATTER FOR THE SUMMER



NOW, CHILDREN, REMEMBER MY IDEA OF A PERFECT OUTING-AN EASY CHAIR, A LAZY TIME AND LOTS OF



AH, THIS IS DELICIOUS. NOW FOR SOME OF MY FAVORITE BOOKS-HUXLEY, MACAULAY, EMERSON-ANY OF MY OLD FRIENDS"





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articles on the shelves of the museum. Among the grewsome objects to be noted is a skull, fingers and toes, together with an ear. Whether these cheerful features are mementos of crime, a ghastly joke, or gifts to a medical student, is open matter for conjecture. ter for conjecture.

A casual glance at one of the sets of shelves discloses a confused mixture of shirts, false teeth. skulls, starfish, lamps, medicine, dried fruit and various other things which might suggest the contents of the witches' cauldron in "Macbeth." An amount of fanciful, if somewhat eccentric, taste is displayed in many of the objects of art and vertu sent, for some incomprehensible reason, through the mails. prehensible reason, through the mails.
There is an ornamental alligator, carrying a gaudy parasol, a little clay doll, a vine-gar cruet of weird design and a remarkable representation of an animal the like able representation of an animal the like of which is totally unknown to zoologists. Small Fourth of July firecrackers contrast forcibly with bombs of sufficient power to destroy a good-sized building. A loaded revolver, half-cocked, is also seen among the collection of deadly weapons. It was addressed to a woman in New York. It was addressed to a woman in New York. Among other and more harmless objects, one notes a washboard, a long-handled mop, bunches of Easter candles, a cocoanut and a card upon which is inscribed the Lord's Prayer in fifty-two languages. A tragic memento is a mail pouch, covered with blood, for the preservation of which a carrier in the far west sacrificed his life in an encounter with Indians.

An old Rocky mountain mail coach will An old Rocky mountain mail coach will be an interesting feature of the St. Louis exhibit. Generals Grant and Sherman and President Arthur have ridden in this con-veyance, which has had many an exciting journey in the days of the "wild west." Coming back to the articles on the shelves and in the cases, one notices a card containing a lock of hair cut from card containing a lock of hair cut from the head of Guiteau, the assassin of Presi-dent Garfield. Of interest and value to some one, perhaps, is a copy of a mar-riage certificate, which declares that Sam-uel Whitehead and Jane Miller were mar-ried in the Parish Church, Manchester, England, June 4, 1804. There are deeds of property, musical instruments, corn pop-pers cups and saucers, horns of animais. pers, cups and saucers, horns of animals, a hack driver's license, a tarantula (received alive), a bottle of elixir of life, sent to a very distinguished person in mortal illness, Chinese curios, canvas needles and a

potato bug exterminator. Home-Made Art.

Among the remarkable artistic conceptions is a figure of a negro parson delivering a sermon from a pulpit, the whole constructed of chicken feathers. Beneath this conceit is a little Indian work basket supported by the figure of a bear. Other contiguous attractions are an old and dilapidated boot and a beautiful flower holder of Venetlan glass.

The dead letter office receives a multitude of articles, of which those in the museum are representative specimens, every day in the year. The labor involved in handling such a mass of material is something enormous. Many of the articles are mailed through ignorance of the postal regulations. others are sent through malice or to avoid express charges, while the remainder are received through the carelessness of the senders. The employes of the office have very ingenious methods for discovering the presence of dutiable articles in the mail, and it is safe to say that the majority of such packages are confiscated either at the mailing station or a subsequent one. When the contraband contents are dis-

covered they are sent to the dead letter office, where every effort is made to return them to the sender or to forward them to the addressee, who is asked to send the proper amount of stamps to pay for the trans-Parcels of merchandise are kept for two

years, if not sooner delivered, and then the well-known auction sale, held annually, disposes of them to the community. Unaddressed parcels and such as are found loose in the mails received at the dead letter office more than six months prior to the annual sales are included in the lot dis-

Among the collection of objects in the museum may be noticed a miniature obelisk, cut from the bark of a California redwood, and immediately beside it a pair of war times, judging from the uniforms which all wear. Next to a picture of a veteran of the war of 1812 is a photo of a young man in kahki, in the army of the Philippines. Chinese coins, eggs, dogs, a buck saw, a box of geological specimens, a lemon squeezer, candle snuffers, bootjacks of various sizes, Chinese junks, fans, elegant miniatures on ivory, hair flowers, stuffed birds, horned toads from California, hand mirrors, birds' nests, Indian canoes, a miniature skeleton, a toy gondola made in Venice, shells, watches, cheap jewelry of all sorts, door plates, valentines, painted fungi, toys, jeweled daggers, and a letter indorsed, "If not delivered in thirty years, return to the Farallone Island."

The collection of watches in the museum contains every variety, from the old-fash-ioned "turnip" to the latest style, adorned with jewels. Each of these watches is regularly wound up every morning, and all are ticketed with the names of their respective owners, but now have the spective owners, but none have, so far, been claimed.

Among the more remarkable exhibits of the Post Office Department is a set of account books kept by Benjamin Franklin when he was Deputy Postmaster General for the American colonies in 1753, the ac counts of which are, of course, in English

It should be noted that claims are often received by the dead letter office officials but these are as puzzling and apparently devoid of reason as the unwitting donations. Some persons, too, appear inclined to blame the post office for their own mistakes, or those of their correspondents, as the following incident will testify: A few years ago a parcel of infant's clothing was detained at the office. It was addressed to a woman missionary, but was deficient in postage, its intended destination having been Africa. In reply to the notice sent her, the woman very angrily wrote a letter, in which, among other things, she said:

"The child for whom the garments were in-"The child for whom the garments were intended has not yet been eaten by cannibals, but it has quite outgrown the clothing.

and it may be returned to the sender, whose address I inclose."

One shelf in the museum is given over to dolls of every size and color. There is also a Masonic apron, some lace, a bellows, a steel trap and various other objects which can only be explained in the light of practical jokes on the postal officials. sharp lookout is kept for smuggling through the mails. About 750 sealed pack ages are seized annually in the New York post office alone. In an average year, accarding to one authority, 25,000 unsealed parcels are confiscated at the same office and released on the payment of fines, which are equivalent to the duties.

Some very ingenious methods are employed for transmitting dutiable articles without paying duty. Not long ago a package from Germany was found to contain a small roll of butter. A wire passed through it met with an obstruction, which proved to be a tip box filled with which proved to be a tin box filled with diamonds. Probably a dozen silk hand-kerchiefs are found wrapped up in newspapers in every mail from China. Silk stockings are mailed from France in the is the sending of mushrooms by mail from Italy. They are a peculiar variety of the dried esculent, and are much relished by the Italians in this country.

Cool and Invigorating.

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star. CRKNEY SPRINGS, Va., August 6, 1903. The old-time gayety of this time-famed mountain resort, with its healing mineral waters, nestled, as it were, 2,300 feet above sea level on a plateau of the Alleghany mountains, is having a resumption this summer under its new management and ownership of Mr. R. Dalley.

A number of guests from various states are enjoying the beauties of Orkney. The atmosphere is cool and exhibitanting. One is never uncomfortably warm here. Dancing and card parties are attractive feature

Last we'a an enjoyable progressive euchre Last we' a an enjoyable progressive euchre was and in the large drawing room of the late. Mrs. Louis Franko and Mr. Henry S. Zimmerman of Washington being first-prize winners. Among the Washingtonians registered at the hotel are Mr. and Mrs. Louis Franko. Mr. A. L. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Spransy and son, Mrs. F. A. Zimmerman, Miss Agnes Zimmerman, Mr. Henry S. Zimmerman, Gen. and Mrs. Sincleir and Zimmerman. Gen. and Mrs. Sinclair Mrs. Sinclair, jr.

He-"Miss Sere is a very good young woman, anyway."
She—"I guess that's what accounts for

She-"She says she has only been in this world twenty-three years. I suppose the other seven or eight have been deducted for good behavior."—Philadelphia Press.

How a Party of Twelve Camped Out.

A GREAT SUCCESS

JUST WHAT THEY WANTED AND WHEN.

Recreation and Rest Under Happiest Auspices-Example Worth Following.

There were twelve of us. One gentleman and his wife and two children, five and six years of age; another gentleman and his wife and two older children and four "unattached" ladies.

In years past we had been surfeited with

'home comforts" in one section and an-We had tried the meadows, the gaps, the mounts, the unsurpassed valleys, the pure milk, the chickens, the fresh vegetables, the "home-made" everything, in such rooms as we could obtain, sometimes comfortable and some hot as-well, just hot, and each year two crisp one-hundred dollar bills had been ruined; so we thought we would change the menu and seek for home comforts on our own hook. One day during the summer there was an excursion to Harper's Ferry, and two of us took it in. We had several hours to our credit up there, and we resolved to look the country

over for a camping ground; so we tramped and tramped till the day was done. Our walk resulted in locating an ideal camping ground about seven miles from Harper's Ferry between the Potomac river and the railroad. It had evidently been a camp and entrenchment during the civil war. It was secluded, not far from the Potomac, plenty of springs with pure, sweet water flowing in volume enough to run a mill, shade trees and small shrubbery just where we wanted them, and all the open ground we desired, all sloping toward the river. Here we pitched our tents, four of them, one for each family, one for the ladies and one for the mess room or dining room and kitchen. We didn't look for fuel. We took along a good sized oil stove and our wood yard was a ten-gallon can of oil. The men brought the water, carried away the re-fuse, etc., and the women did the cooking, and with appetites such as come from an "outing" everything was eaten and there were no complaints at the table

We roamed the county, found the farm houses and bought what we needed in the line of fresh vegetables, eggs, milk and such fruit as ripened during our stay, some of the small fruits being at hand and ours for the picking.

Fish? Well, we all fished and we had fresh fish every day if we wanted it.

One of the ladies of the party caught a carp that weighed about twenty-five pounds. It required two hours to tire him out and land him. When it rained?

It didn't rain a single day during the two weeks we were out and only one day did we have a shower.

We had fun, too. We did a lot of things "just for fun." We pitched quoits a good deal and the ladies as well as the gentlemen enjoyed it. We played ball—not exactly according to the latest rules peractly according to the latest rules, perhaps, but altogether we won as many games as the Washington nine ever won in two weeks. We had hammocks and swings; we had romps and tumbles; we gloves taken from the steamer Oregon after having been in the water fourteen days. a large collection of photographs | for gas bills; we didn't have any officious of soldiers and sailors, evidently mailed in neighbors and we didn't have any gossip. The boarding mistress was not a bit afraid we were too liberal with the sugar or that the children would make too much noise; no one objected to "breaking a pan of milk" because they wanted to save the cream. There were "no other boarders" and we were domiciled in "a strictly pri-

We had just about what we wanted and, better than all, we had recreation and rest. We did not patronize the newsstand much, and so did not feel compelled to read the papers. As a matter of fact, we did not know much about what the rest of the world was doing and, to tell the truth, we

As far as unlimited enjoyment was concerned we could have lived there for months. So when our fortnight came around—the boys said it could not be two weeks since we came out—we reluctantly "folded our tents like the Arabs and silently stole away."

How much did it cost us? Well, here are the items: Seven full fares on the railroad, \$14, and three half fares, \$3, a total of \$17, the youngest two going free; canned goods and other store provisions, \$15.25; provisions at the camp, \$16.86; boat hire, \$2; transportation to camp and return, \$16; freight from Washington to Harper's Ferry, \$2, making a total of \$69.11, including railroad fares; cost for each person, young and old, for fourteen days, \$5.76; cost of provisions for each person, \$2.67; cost of hauling and other expenses per person, \$1.67; cost of each person, exclusive of fares, \$4.34.

It will be seen that the heaviest item was the transportation to the camp, \$16. It was outrageous, but there was no competition and we swallowed it. It cost eight times as much to transport our traps seven miles to camp as it did from Washingtoneighty miles. It was a glorious outing, and our folks

would not swap it for board at the biggest hotel at any watering place. Who can beat it?

Home to Their Friends. Special Correspondence of The Evening Star. ARUNDEL-ON-THE-BAY, Md.,

August 6, 1903. The .Mt. Pleasant Yacht Club, on their yacht "Reliance," arrived at Arundel-onthe-Bay Saturday evening, where they will remain the balance of the season. Mrs. Geo. B. Matthews and Mr. Jame

Matthews are spending a week at their cottage on Point Pleasant, and have as their guests Mr. Tyler of New London, Conn.

Among the guests registered at the country Club the last week were Mr. Elliott Woods, superintendent of the Capitol, and Mr. Sydney Bieber, fire marshal of the District; also Mr. Robert Preston Shealey of Washington and Mr. Delt Edwards of the New York Journal. Miss Julia Aiken, Miss King and Mr. J. Barbour Kitch are guests of Miss Noble

at Camp Quiet. A euchre party was given at the Arundel Inn Friday night. The porches were bril-liantly illuminated with Japanese lanterns and presented a gala appearance. Besides the guests of the inn a large number of

cottagers enjoyed the game.

The Mt. Pleasant Yacht Club gave a salling party to the ladies of Arundel Saturday night after the hop, and did not return until the wee small hours of the morn-Miss Katherine Kipp has returned from two weeks' visit in Roanoke, Va., and is at Camp Idlewild for the balance of the

Miss Nellie Featherstone and Miss Ethel Watson of Langdon are guests at Belmont Cottage Miss Dempsey is the guest of Mrs. M. I. Weller.

There Are Fairies. From the Century.

In a wild and rainbow ring
Through the air, or mount the wing
Of a bat to courier news
To the fairy king and queen;
Fays who stretch the gossamers
On which twilight hangs the dews;
Or who whisper in the ears
Of the flowers word so sweet
That their hearts are turned to musk
And to honey, things that beat
In their veins of gold and blue;
Ouphes that shepherd moths of dusk—
Soft of wing and-gray of hue—
Forth to pasture on the dew.
There are fairles—verliy,
Verliy;

Verily; For the old owl in the tree, He who maketh melody For them tripping merrily— Told it me. There are fairles—verily There are fairles.

Split Crispy toast is made by splitting the biscuit lengthwise with a sharp knife and placing in oven

for a few minutes. SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT BISCUIT

Dr. S. R. Harris, 76 Summer St. Worcester, Mass., says: "One of the very best things in health and in sickness, and as a preventive of sickness. A Godsend in every fam-

For Sale by All Grocers

Table and Kitchen.

Cooling Drinks for Summer's Thirst. Iced drinks have been termed the "American drink folly." And no doubt it is rank imprudence to indulge in them simply to please the taste and take them in too great a bulk. The immediate effect may be pleasant, but may be followed by serious results. Very cold drinks introduced into the stomach in the form of a deluge when one is overheated are apt to lower the temperature of the stomach and paralyze its nerves. The large number of sweetened and flavored summer drinks show that the thirst is not satisfied with ordinary ice water or else the taste, once pampered, craves the tart addition of an acid, or of some quality

which will give a good imitation of the peculiar mellowness of genuine seltzer. There are many gratifying and delicious drinks which may be made at home. This gives a certainty of the purity of the materials in the mixtures and also furnishes a very acceptable form of refreshment to have ready to serve your guests at short notice. Usually the most popular summer hostess is she who serves the most delightful and attractive beverages. Fresh fruit beverages are to be preferred as these give a natural, wholesome drink with the sweet and acid delightfully com-

bined. These drinks are also more cooling and satisfying. Raspberry Vinegar.

fine ripe, red raspberries into a bowl and pour over them pure c'der vinegar, allowing one quart to the same measure of fruit. Allow this to stand twentyfour hours, then strain this quantity over another quart of berries and let stand for another day. Repeat this for four days, then strain, make very sweet with pure cane sugar, bottle and seal for use.

Blackberry Cordial.

Put the berries in a large stone far and set this inside a large vessel of water and let cook until the berries are soft; then strain through a cheesecloth bag. To every part of the juice allow two tablespoonfuls each of ground cloves, mace and allspice, and four of ground cinnamon. Tie the spices in a cheesecloth bag so that they may be removed when the cordial is done. Stuffed Green Peppers. Add one pound of granulated cane sugar and boil all together for fifteen minutes, skimming well; then add one pint of best brandy and set aside to cool. When cold strain out the spices, bottle and seal,

Mulberry Shrub. Press out the juice from fine ripe black nulberries and allow it to stand for ten days until it ceases to ferment, then carefully remove all scum and pour off into a fresh vessel and allow to stand for twentyfour hours. Again pour off. To thirteen ounces of the juice allow one pound of best cane sugar; heat to boiling point and then strain through a jelly bag, bottle and seal.

Serve in a glass half filled with cracked Lemon Syrup.

Express the juice from twelve lemons grate the rind of six and add to the juice and allow all to stand over night; then take six pounds of loaf sugar and make a thick syrup; when this is cool strain in the juice, pressing the oil from the grated rind. Put into bottles and cork tightly. Add one tablespoonful to each glass of ice

Royal Spruce Beer.

Three-quarters of a pound of sugar, onequarter of an ounce of ginger, grated rind of two lemons and a teaspoonful of essence of spruce. Dissolve half a cake of compressed yeast in half a cup of lukewarm water and add to the mixture; allow it to stand until it ferments, then strain and bottle, corking tightly.

Black Currant Cup. To each pint of black currant juice add two quarts of weak green tea. Sweeten to taste and cool. Serve in tall glasses with cubes of ice.

Turkish Delight.

Grate a fine, large, ripe pineapple into a bowl and cover with boiling water; allow it to stand five hours, then strain off the clear liquid and sweeten to taste and freeze spoonful of red raspberries in the bottom of each glass.

Raspberry Shrub.

Pick over carefully six quarts of black raspberries, cover with pure cider vinegar, cover the jar with a piece of fine cheese cloth to keep out the dust and let stand for twenty-four hours, then put in a bag and press out all the juice. Prepare six quarts nore of the berries and put them in the juice and allow to stand for twenty-four hours, then squeeze out the juice and strain through cheesecloth. Measure the juice and to each pint allow a pound of sugar. Put the juice over the fire in a porcelain-lined kettle; boil rapidly for ten minutes, removing all scum as it rises, then bottle and seal. One cup of the shrub to a quart of water makes a very delicious drink. Unfermented Grape Juice.

Put one cup of water and ten pounds of grapes into an agate saucepan. Heat until stones and pulp separate; then strain through a jelly-bag, add sugar, heat to boiling point, and bottle. To serve fill glass half full of the grape juice and fill

glass hall with ice water.
Wine Whey. Put one pint of sweet milk in a porcelain saucepan, set on the fire and when it boils add white wine until it turns to curds. Boil

the liquid, add a little boiling water, and sweeten to taste before serving. Queen's Nectar.

all up, and let the curds settle. Strain off

Pare the thin yellow rind from three lemons. Add two quarts of boiling water and two pints of granulated sugar. Stir until all the sugar is dissolved, then cool; add the juice of the lemons, one pound of seed-ed and chopped raisins, a few chopped figs and six quarts of water; allow to stand for five days, stirring twice each day; then strain into bottles and cork tightly.

sliced lemon and a tablespoonfrief ginger scald well; cool and add half a pint or half a cake of good yeast, sweeten to taste; lestand to ferment and then strain into bot-

Lemon Beer.

To one gallon of boiling water add,

tles, cork tightly and keep in a cool place. Tomatoes a la Trocadero. Chop fine two ounces of smoked dried beef, put it into a saucepan in which you

-- Culmbacher

--Beer -when you're thirsty, -when you're tired

-or whenever you -need a tonic. -It's the best -beverage there is -and it's the only

—beverage that benefits. Case of 24 pts. for \$1.25. Delivered in unlettered wagons. Washington Brewery Co. 4th & F Sts. N.E. 'Phone E. 254



cook to a creamy consistency and serve at

SUNDAY. BREAKFAST

Iced Cherrie Brolled Whitefish Creamed Potatoes Coffee. Tomato Bouillon.

Boiled Rice Green Peas Lettuce Salad. Blackberry Cobbler. Fruit Sauce

Coffee. SUPPER. Creamed Mushrooms on Toast.

Thinly Sliced White Bread Buttered.
Fruit Salad. Cake. English Breakfast Tea.

> MONDAY. BREAKFAST.

Scrambled Eggs on Toast. Baked Potatoes. LUNCH Creamed Chicken.

Brown Bread. Hashed Potatoes. Blackberries. DINNER. Cream of Onion Soup. Chicken Pie. Boiled Rice. Stewed Tomatoes. Sliced Cucumbers and Green Peppers.

Fruit Pie. Cheese. Wafers. TUESDAY BREAKFAST. Black Caps. Breakfast Cereal. Fried Calf's Brains.

German Fried Potatoes. LUNCH. Creamed Fish in Cucumber Cases. One-egg Muffins. Fruit. DINNER. Vegetable Soup. Boiled Ham. Creamed Cabbage. tato Snow. Tomatoes Mayonnaise. Potato Snow.

Cheese.

Wafers. Coffee. Gay Mountain Life. Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

Iced Watermelon.

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, Doubling Gap, Pa., August 6, 1903. This charming resort is now more beautiful than ever before, and the professional and social prominence of its guests adds much toward making it the social mecca of Pennsylvania mountain resorts this season. Indoor amusements constantly vie with outdoor sports in a neck and neck race for the lead, and resemble the modern three ring circus, in that all cannot be seen by the mere looker on, who must choose whatever is most suited to his enjoyment, and relinquish to others those pleasures in which he cannot join. Among the recent arrivals from Washing-ton are Miss Valeria Marshall, Miss Edith A. Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Steen, Miss K. E. Steen, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. G.

Phillips, Miss Phillips, Miss Lillian Phillips. Jolk-"When may a knot-hole be said to be not whole?"
Polk—"What are you talking about?" Jolk-"The answer is: when only part of the knot is not."-Philadelphia Press.

Sympathetic.



Young Wife trather hervously)—"Oh, cook, I must really speak to you. Your master is always complaining. One day it is the soup, the second day it is the fish, the third day it is the joint—in fact, it's always Add one cup of tomatoes, quarter cup something or other grated cheese, a pinch of cinnamon, few grains of cayenne, a few drops of onion juice and three eggs well beaten. Stir and ful to live with a gentleman of that sort."